

Across the bay, I see quiet waters

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Sisters meet once again.

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Chapter 1

A gentle breeze blew, ruffling the brunette's messy locks as she lazily combed her hair back with her free hand. Her hand went over her red highlight, where she almost felt some energy pulsate as her skin went over it.

Ryuko sighed. Another reminder that she wasn't... normal.

Not wanting to think about herself, she laid her arms over the railing. She looked over to the bay, her eyes searching for any remnant of that cursed school. Tried as she might, no trace of it was left and the sparkling water of the bay was the only thing to meet her eyes, beside the scattered boats or ships floating on the waters.

It was as if it never existed.

She really shouldn't be so down today. The date with Mako had come, and she enjoyed every second spending time with the coconut head. Her sister joining, although very awkward at first, was a welcome addition, where the trio roamed the streets of the city and did normal high school girl things: shopping, taking lots of photos (many of which had a blushing Satsuki), trying a plethora of foods (guess who's idea that was). Ryuko would admit that the date wasn't anything special, but for two girls like her and her sister, it was invigorating. A taste for what their lives will become, back to normal.

At least, that's what Ryuko thought. She hoped that her bushy-eyebrowed sister enjoyed their outing today too.

Really hard to tell what she's thinking. Typical Satsuki and her eyebrows. Caterpillar eyebrows. Dumb, stupid-

"What's 'dumb' and 'stupid', Ryuko?" An elegant voice called out to Ryuko, the former scissor-blade wielder spinning around to see Satsuki with two cups in her hands.

“Your face, mop-head.” Ryuko smirked. “Which one’s for me, Sats?”

Satsuki handed her the cup filled with some green drink. “Here. Matcha latte. It would have been better if you told me what you wanted. Don’t blame me if you don’t like it.”

Ryuko swiped the cup out of Satsuki’s hand, guzzling down a chunk of the drink. “Ahh~ This stuff’s pretty sick! Gotta hand it to you Sis, you’ve got great taste in drinks!”

“I’m glad you enjoy it.” Satsuki grinned, taking a small sip of her drink. Her grin faded. “Hmm. Not as good as Soro’s.”

“Ehh, I know peasant-level stuff may not be so good compared to stuff on your level, but you’ll get used to it.” Ryuko commented, taking another swig of her drink.

“Ryuko.”

“Mm?”

“I’d... appreciate it if you treated me more as your sister, please. I’m not the leader of the student council, nor a tyrant anymore. I’d rather move on from that.” Satsuki turned to her sister.

Ryuko blinked. “R-right. Sorry Sats.”

Satsuki took another sip. “I guess months of hatred towards me is hard to let go.”

“H-hey now!” Ryuko pleaded. “I’m trying, ok? I never thought I’d have a sister, let alone a sister who tried to kill me! I don’t even know how to be a sister! And that whole... killing me stuff! Far as I can tell, I’m treating this sh-stuff pretty well!”

Satsuki hummed. “Then we’re both on the same boat.”

Ryuko frowned. “Yeah.”

The two stood in silence, the breeze still flowing in the air. The slight stench of saltwater waffled around, even as the sisters stood miles away from the sea. The sun's orange hues stretched across the horizon, coating the city in the perfect colour for croquettes.

"So..." Satsuki surprisingly broke the silence. "Mop-head?"

Ryuko grumbled, sinking a little further into her jacket. "It's Mako. She wants me to swear less, now that, and I quote, *"have less to be mad about."* "

Satsuki hummed again. "That's cute."

"Cute my a-" Ryuko coughed. "Butt."

Satsuki shot a smirk.

"Oh, shut up!"

"I didn't say anything, dear sister."

"Y-you know what I mean!"

Satsuki took another sip. "I will admit, you are doing a lot better than I imagined. Your resilience is admirable."

Ryuko gestured to her sister. "Thank you! Finally, someone who sees how hard I'm trying. Your four bone-heads kept laughing at me whenever I had to stop myself from speaking, so that I wouldn't blurt out a swear."

Ryuko took a slurp. "Never thought the great Satsuki would be the... ughh, sorry Sats. Did it again."

"You're fine." Satsuki ruffled Ryuko's hair. "At the very least, you're trying."

Ryuko did nothing to stop Satsuki's hand, even when it refused to leave her head.

“Tch.” Ryuko swatted the hand away, averting her eyes so that her sister couldn’t see her creeping blush. “Where’s Mako and those hooligans anyways?”

“Oh? You haven’t heard?”

“Yeah, clearly you smart... jerk.”

Satsuki stifled a giggle. “Well, the Elite Four are currently helping Gamagori confess his love to Mankanshoku. They’ve been trying to help him do so for the whole day now. At least, that’s what I think they’re doing. They’ve never told me.”

“Heh, someone’s feeling left out-”

“Anyways, I’m surprised you haven’t seen at least one of them around here. Their hiding skills were painfully bad.”

Ryuko smacked her forehead. “Uh, duuuuh. I was busy having fun today! A-and I hope you had fun too. S-Sis!”

“Hmm, hmm. Of course I did. I always appreciate spending time with my dear lost sister.”

“And besides, we are supposed to be having fun today, y’know. No need to be so antsy and stuff. Nobody’s here to kill us. Or something.”

Satsuki sighed. “Yes. Yes, you’re right. I suppose I am a little bit on edge.”

Now it was Satsuki’s turn to look at the bay. “The efforts to recover from... Ragyo... are going well, but with all of the meetings and work I’ve put into it, I can’t help but be reminded of the past. It... was a means to an end, but that does not make what I did right.”

Satsuki turned back to her sister, with a sly grin. “Besides, spending that much time training to fight and actually fighting would put anyone on edge. That, we can agree on.”

Ryuko nodded. "Amen to that Sats."

...

"You still owe me a chance to slug ya in the face though."

Satsuki choked on her tea. "W-what?"

"Oh yeah. While we're on the topic of memories, remember that time we were on that darn ship?" Ryuko laid down her drink, limbering up as she spoke. "Y'know, when you saved me from that rainbow headed lighthouse wannabe."

Satsuki sighed. "Ryuko. I made my apology clear that day. I do not need to prove myself-"

Ryuko raised a finger. "Au contraire, mi hermana. Learnt that from the internet. Anyways, I do recall me wanting to punch you. My head's a bit foggy on the details, but I'm sure I just wanted to punch you for the heck of it."

Ryuko cracked her knuckles. "So, my dear sister. How 'bout it?"

Satsuki took a deep breath. She laid down her tea next to Ryuko's cup, and steadied her resolve.

"Alright. Hit me."

"J-just like that?"

"I've done many bad things, Ryuko. If this serves as retribution, then so be-"

****whack!****

Satsuki could not finish her sentence, as she was almost sent flying back. She staggered back, taking a kneel as the pain in her left cheek intensified. She could already feel the spot where Ryuko punched her swelling.

“... you good Sats?” Ryuko chirped up, walking over to her sister.

Her walk turned into a dash when Satsuki collapsed onto the floor.

“Satsuki?!” Ryuko bent down, lightly slapping her sister’s face. “Hey, wake up! You’ve been hit harder before, don’t be such a wuss and get up!”

Ryuko pulled Satsuki’s head onto her lap. She started to stammer as Satsuki continued to remain unconscious.

“D-don’t leave me, Sats... please.” Ryuko touched her forehead with her sister’s.

cough, cough

“S-Sats?”

“... I...” Satsuki mumbled. “... can’t b-believe my own dear s-sister... would hit me like that...”

Ryuko didn’t know how to respond. Until she heard Satsuki snort.

“Oh, you bi-aghhh!” Ryuko stood right up, stomping her foot and crying out to the skies.

Sastuki’s head bonked onto the floor, though it did not stop the light laughing coming from her.

“To be fair, Ryuko, that really hurt.” Satsuki rubbed her left cheek. “I don’t think any amount of makeup can hide a bruise like this.”

Satsuki dusted herself off, picking up her drink and walking over to the fuming brunette by the railing. She seemed to have finished her drink, as Satsuki found a crumpled plastic cup beside her sister.

“Ryuko?” Sastuki couldn’t see the potential scowl on Ryuko’s face.

She was considering allowing her to punch her again when the brunette spoke.

“Okay, Sis.” Ryuko grumbled. “You got me. But screw you.”

“I was very convincing, was I not?” Satsuki smugly replied.

“Don’t make me slug you again, eyebrows.”

Satsuki giggled. “Though, I expected you to fire off a bunch of profanity. Good job. Your friend would be proud.”

Ryuko just glared back.

“Senkets would’ve said something about my blood boiling right now.” Ryuko muttered.

Satsuki glanced at her sister, who looked down at the railing. She placed her hand on the brunette’s shoulder.

“It’s still jarring, Sis. The school, the memories, even the dang island. Even Senketsu and the scissor blades. All gone.” Ryuko continued. “While I do wanna move on from all that, I still can’t help but think about it. Heh, hard to not think about it with all of the crazy sh... shenanigans that happened.”

Ryuko laughed to herself. “I miss him.”

Satsuki frowned. She did not know what to say. Unlike Junketsu, Ryuko and her kamui had a special bond - after all, both were designed to be together, though Satsuki would rather not think about that. To Ryuko, Senketsu wasn’t just some power-up clothing. He was a friend, a close friend even, as the two bonded together during their time at Honnoji Academy. She understood the grieving Ryuko was still going through, yet could not relate.

“But enough about that.” Ryuko swiveled to face Satsuki. “We should spar someday.”

Satsuki blinked. "W-what?"

"You heard me, Sats. When can I beat you up?"

"Well..." Satsuki ignored how outlandish her sister's words sounded, placing her hand on her chin. "I cannot this week. Many meetings to get through. I was thinking of asking you to join some, but..."

"No way am I joining any of those snoozefests. I'll just, umm, cheer on the sidelines. Or whatever."

"... right. But, I think I'm good for next week? I will let you know by then."

"Great. Can't wait to pound you in the dirt." Ryuko smirked.

"Though I do have to ask, why the spar?" Satsuki tossed her empty cup into a nearby trash can.

Ryuko huffed. "We both have issues. Lotta issues. Especially for a buncha high school girls."

"... I am older than you, Ryuko."

"Shush. So yeah, issues. Thought that we could get back into some fighting. Helps me forget things I need to forget. And, as far as I know, you're the only one who can keep up with me. Wouldn't want an unfair fight."

"Don't ever mention that to Sanageyama."

"Pshh. Please. I can beat him up any day of the week, if I feel like it."

"Hmph. Such arrogance is misfound and foolish. It will be dealt with swiftly." Satsuki spoke in a familiar tone.

"Ok, now you're talking!" Ryuko wound her arm up. "Agree to have a warm up?"

“Not yet, dear sister. As much as I am looking forward to our brawl, I do have meetings to attend this week. Wouldn’t help if I came in all beaten up.”

“Oh, sh-shoot! Right. You’re still... helping out. And stuff.” Ryuko awkwardly rubbed her arm.

Satsuki sensed the mood drop, as Ryuko's posture drooped.

“Ryuko, you don’t have to feel bad for not helping me. It is something only I can do, seeing as I am well-versed with how the company works...” Satsuki explained. “... but, the offer still-hmm, was worth a try.”

“I may feel bad, but I draw the line with boring stuff like that. I thought I’d be doing some hard labour, y’know savin’ people and helping out!”

Satsuki hummed. “There is a lot of paperwork to go through. I will let you know if any jobs that need physical assistance come up.”

“Thanks, Sis.” Ryuko said.

“... but... it is alright if you do not help. I am most capable on my own, and with the Elite Four. Think of it as... your well-earned vacation from saving the world.”

Ryuko’s gaze darkened. “Nah, nah, nah! None of that! I’m helping out, err, when I can, whether you like it or not!”

Satsuki flashed a look of surprise, before returning to a grin. “Very well then. Make sure you get well-acquainted with your phone by then.”

“Hey, mop-face! Not my problem I had no time to get used to those... things, while I was beating people up and stuff!” Ryuko argued.

“If I can be able to use a mobile phone, then so can you Ryuko. Honestly, it is a little disappointing for a high school girl.”

“Now you’re asking it!”

The shorter of the two stomped over, as the taller one placed her hand on the shorter’s head. Ryuko flailed her arms in some attempt to get back at her sister, which was obviously not working. Satsuki watched Ryuko continue to flail about, chuckling at the sight. She swore even Ryuko was laughing too.

For someone so edgy, you can be quite adorable.

“S-Sats??” Ryuko yelped, hiding her scarlet face in her jacket.

Ah. I must’ve blurted that out.

“Just older sister things, is all.” Satsuki responded with a sly smile.

Ryuko coughed. “A-anyways, didn’t think it’d be that easy to get you to agree.”

“Hm?”

“To fight. With your busy schedule and wanting to leave the past behind. Thought I had to rattle your bones a bit to even have some chance of convincing ya.”

Satsuki hummed again. “Truth be told, Ryuko, I do understand why you fight. You live in the moment, relishing in the present. Fighting demands you to keep pace, to stay alert, to give your all.”

Satsuki looked away. “And... I may be itching for a fight too.”

She couldn’t see her face, but Satsuki could almost feel the grin on Ryuko’s face. “You really are my sister, huh Sats?”

Satsuki glanced at her sister. “And I wouldn’t have it any other way, Ryuko.”

Both smiled at each other, before looking back to the bay. The golden hues were gone, replaced with the little reflections of

scattered lights. The city glowed with an array of colour, as different signs, light poles and car lights blinked and flickered in the night.

"It's getting late." Satsuki noted.

"Yep. Good talk though. I like spending time with ya, queen of the eyebrows." Ryuko snarked.

"Surely there are people out there with... more extravagant eyebrows than me."

"Nonsense! Have you looked into the mirror? Look at how bushy these things are!" Ryuko zipped by Satsuki's side, petting her eyebrows.

"Get off me, Ryuko. And make sure you throw away your cup."

"Ok, ok, geez. Relax. What kind of delinquent do you think I am?" Ryuko muttered, dumping her cup into the trash can. "Oh well. Guess we'll have to find out tomorrow if that masochist of yours really got Mako as his new girlfriend."

"I'm sure both of them love each other. It'll definitely go smoothly." Satsuki beckoned. "Come. You may sleep over at my place for tonight."

"Really?"

"Yes. My meeting with the remaining heads starts later in the afternoon. We can bond before then."

"Oh, heck yeah!" Ryuko pumped her fist in the air.

Ryuko joined with Satsuki as the two walked away from the railing, heading down back into the city.

"Now that I think about it, perhaps a therapist would be much better for us to deal with our issues."

“But punching you in the face is free! And more effective!”

“I guess we’ll have to test your theory out.”

“Oh right! Need to text the Mankanshokus that I won’t be staying at their place tonight.”

“I’m amazed you know how to text people, Ryuko.”

“Shut it, Sats!”

Neither of them were able to see the night sky, where one of the many stars glimmered in bright red.